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"He tells Me to be Thankful! What Cheek!"

HAYES, HERKEL & OTTUM LITHO. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

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Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

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PUCK'S ANNUAL

FOR

1880

has already caused the Presidential issue to become of
secondary interest.

LORD BEACONSFIELD will not call the British Parlia-
ment together until

Puck's Annual

is issued—neither will Congress be convened or Christ-
mas celebrated. This is trustworthy, as will be clearly
seen from the announcement that

PUCK'S ANNUAL.

will be fired upon an expectant world about

THE FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

The stories, poems and articles, are all new and ori-
ginal, and have already received the highest encomiums
from their authors and other gifted individuals.

As for the pictures, by PUCK's artistic staff, they must
be seen to be believed in. The price

will be 25 cents currency.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

ONE THANKSGIVING.

PUCK fell asleep, and had a dream.
"The wild wintry wind whistled about
the corners of a mighty mansion, white
as the driven snows heaped about it. Night had
fallen, and a gloomy and starless sky frowned
on the chilled and melancholy earth.

I drew my dress-coat more closely about me,
and rather yearned, at that moment, if the
truth must be confessed, for a swallow-tailed
ulster and a pocket-stove. I am young, I am
beautiful; but youth and beauty are not wholly
independent of the thermometer, and what my
Esteemed Contemporary, the *Sun*, would call a
"steel-pen coat," combined with a crayon-
holder, form a very inadequate protection
against the inclemency of even the openest
winter.

But though the keen blast nipped my exposed,
and, I may say, shapely calves, I could not but
forget my own sufferings, as I cast my eyes on

an old man who stood near me, gazing with
eager, wolfish eyes through a window in the
large house.

Instinctively I followed his fixed, almost
unearthly stare. Looking through the illu-
minated panes, I saw a brilliant company
feasting and making merry, in accordance with
the traditions of the season. One was a gentle-
man with mild, irresolute features, who had the
general appearance of a western Sunday-School
Superintendent, and who in some vague way
suggested, to the eye of the beholder, country-
fairs, prize-pumpkins, and temperance drinks.
How a man could suggest such things, I do not
know; but they came to my mind as I regarded
him. Perhaps the cold had made me too
imaginative. Near this person sat an elderly
foreigner, with a spreading beard. He might
have been, from his looks, a well-to-do music-
teacher—if there ever was such a thing. His
neighbor was a stubbly-bearded, bankerish-
looking character, smug and complacent, yet
with a certain strange speculation in his eye.
The fourth feaster was phenomenally thin and
dried up, and had a large Roman nose and a
muscular nether jaw.

But it was on the first described member of
the party that the gaze of the old gentleman
by my side was riveted. And after a moment,
as he grasped my wrist with one icy hand, he
pointed the long, tremulous index finger of the
other straight at the mild reveler, hissing:

'Do you see him—there? That's the man
who tells me to be thankful—ME!'

'Who are you, then?' I cried in affrighted
amazement: 'speak and tell me who!'

'I am,' he answered, solemnly, 'the Great
Disconcerted. Never mind my name. It is
stricken from the roll of fame by a vote of
eight to seven. His is there! It is branded
with Fraud—Fraud with a fearful big F—but
what's the odds? If they had marked him
Horse-Thief, or tattooed him in blue, it wouldn't
have done me any good.'

'But what is your story, old man?' I in-
quired.

'Listen!' was his reply: 'and you shall hear
a genuine old-fashioned Tale of Woe.'

'Perhaps,' I suggested, 'you'll come some-
where and sit down, where you can warm your-
self and lubricate your thorax, while you're
telling it.' But he heard me not, and went on
with undisguised excitement.

'That house is MINE,' he said; 'that turkey is
mine; those men are occupying the seats of my
guests; that lemonaded orange ought to be
soothing my toothless gums and cheering my
withered heart. I was elected to the place of
that splay-footed person from Ohio; and I was
basely bamboozled out of it. The irony of
fate and the indiscretion of a nephew, in con-
junction with the fact that the other party got
one judge ahead of me, rendered it impossible
for me to reap the full benefit of an arduous
and expensive campaign.

'And thus he sits, my hated rival, and sucks
his orange just as if he didn't know it was
loaded; and gets mildly exhilarated, and sings
hymns while his private secretary picks out the
accompaniment on the parlor-organ, with one
finger. And all this luxury is mine by rights!

'And here is what they have given me by way
of substitute and consolation—this bone. Now
if there is one invariable characteristic of
bones, it is their lack of richness and material
sustenance; and this particular bone is getting
masticated down pretty fine. Mr. Dana gave
it to me when I was first counted out, and he
patted me on the head and called me Noble.
And when I wept he called me a cry-baby.
And now I am oalled the Great Disconcerted,
and they say that though I was once cheated
out of my rights, I am too smart to be elected
again. Gimme a handkerchief to weep in!'

And, waking up, I left him to his great grief."

Puckerrings.

MR. HAYES, if you eat your turkey dry, you
have no conception of the sacredness of this
festival.

SOMEBODY ought to send the Seventh regi-
ment a turkey. We only wonder it hasn't asked
for one.

MORE Worlds than one, did you say, Mr.
Proctor? Well, really, we always gave it
credit for a larger circulation than that.

WHY not elect Dr. Carver a Judge? He
seems to have the same qualifications as Mr.
Gildersleeve; and more of them.

It is fortunate for Mr. Captain Williams that
it was Mr. Charles W. Smith, instead of Judge
Gildersleeve or Mr. Assistant-District Attorney
Rollins.

We are told, that the earth will not be as cold
as the moon for 2,500,000,000 years. The
moon must be the private paradise of the
Adams family.

ISN'T it very inconsiderate to leave the Seventh
to guard itself all alone in that big armory?
Captain Williams really ought to have an eye
to the gentle members. Something might
happen to them.

We have it on trustworthy authority that
one well-known Fulton Market butcher gives
a blue pill gratis, with every pound-and-a-half
of turkey he sells. This is the grand utilitarian
blossoming of the chromo idea.

IF Mr. Cyrus André Field, Mr. José Navarro
and Mr. Wm. R. Garrison are desirous of learn-
ing to a certainty at what temperature the
blood freezes, we would strongly advise their
travelling in their deliciously cool cars on their
gorgeous monopoly of a railroad.

OUR E. E. C., the *Evening Post*, has a corre-
spondent who fondly imagines that a man's
ancestry militates against his rights of citizen-
ship in this country. We should like to refer
him to several thousand young Americans of
foreign extraction, who allude to their parents
as "old Dutchmen," and still appear to con-
sider themselves pretty well at home here.

SOME enterprising pilots have cast aside the
old-fashioned sailing cutter, and now go down
to the sea in a steam-tug to board vessels that
seek to enter the port of New York, to guide
them safely to a haven of rest in the shape
of an anchorage or a berth at a pier. The other
pilots don't like it; no more do the commis-
sioners of pilots. Poor ill-treated individuals—
what a shame that you should be annoyed by
steam-tugs or electric telegraphs, or telephones,
or railroads, or torpedoes, or steam printing
presses! You shall go back to your little Middle
Ages and your Noah's Ark; yes, you shall.

ANOMALIES.

The polished stove which warms your room
Is blackest when it's bright:
The head and limbs and mind of man
Are loosest when he's tight:
Those folks who are by blood akin
Get up the bitterest fight:
The blindest man can't build a home
Unless he has his site:
And 'mong the darkeys in the South,
The blackest are called White.

A. L.

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

No. VIII.

THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

THE BROBDIGNAGIAN SENATOR FROM LILLIPUT.

DELAWARE, the smallest State, but one in the Union, sends to the Senate a man in the person of Thomas Francis Bayard of whom it has no reason to be ashamed; indeed, ought to be rather proud than otherwise.

In this particular it differs from the champion littlest State, Rhode Island, one of whose Senators, General Burnside—who, by the way, has already been honored with a niche in Puck's Pantheon—devotes a great deal more time to the cultivation of his whiskers than to his mind.

Senator Bayard also differs from a number of our Senators in being a gentleman.

He does not, we believe, chew tobacco, or expectorate promiscuously.

He does not, like a certain Senator from Alabama, for instance, habitually wear an alleged diamond pin in his shirt-front.

He does not use profane language; he expresses his opinions with moderation, perspicuity and perspicacity. He is a Democrat in politics, without being a red-mouthed partisan, and in our opinion is a man who honors the Democratic party by belonging to it.

It should honor him by letting him take complete control—if anybody could do that.

Born on and living on, as it were, Mason and Dixie's line, Senator Bayard combines the fiery, generous feeling of the Southerner with the calmer, cooler judgment of the Northerner and Yankee.

The drudgery of buying and selling had no charms for the youthful Bayard, so he took to law and law took to him, as also did politics, and as a chip of the old block he succeeded his father, James A. Bayard, and took his seat in the Senate March 4th, 1869.

He soon made himself felt there, and his brother Senators have always sense enough to listen to what he may have to say on any subject.

Senator Bayard is just one year past his half century, the time when a man, if he have any brains at all—the possession of which his worst enemies never denied to Mr. Bayard—has them pretty well in hand, to use for good or evil.

Mr. Bayard has usually chosed the former policy.

Not that Senator Bayard is altogether sans reproche.

He doesn't like the gentlemen from China, and voted in favor of the bill limiting the number to fifteen as a legal passenger compliment on any vessel coming to the United States.

Mr. President Hayes promptly distinguished himself by vetoing the bill, perhaps the sole sensible thing he has done during his remarkably temperate career at the White House.

We have not studied Mr. Bayard's reasons for wishing to keep our pig-tailed fellow-creatures out of this great and glorious Republic, nor shall we do so now—but we imagine that a Southerner's natural dislike to having niggers on the same footing with white men must have influenced him in his vote.

As a member of the Electoral Commission of 1876, Mr. Bayard very properly voted among the seven, and consequently was not a party to putting Mr. President Hayes into the White House—which is another thing in his favor.

Mr. Tilden is not fond of Mr. Bayard—he doesn't think he'd make a good President, or that he has the qualities fitted for the standard-bearer of a great party.

Mr. Tilden has never said so openly, but the New York Sun has, which is much the same thing.

We really don't know why Mr. Tilden should be inimical to Mr. Bayard.

Mr. Bayard is a Democrat—so is Mr. Tilden. Mr. Bayard certainly voted for Mr. Tilden, and doubly so on the Electoral Commission, and if one good turn deserves another, we don't see why Mr. Tilden shouldn't vote for Mr. Bayard as the next President.

OUR "SEVENTH."

SEVERAL of our very much esteemed contemporaries appear to be greatly bothered by ready writers as to the value, to this country, of the services of our gallant Seventh Regiment; in fact they are appealed to in behalf of themselves, for they don't think it fair that the Seventh should have a Fair while the city government gives them such meagre fare. Wanting an armory, they cannot see how it is that the benevolent city government and the beautiful ladies of New York cannot remove them from the top floors of markets where the stench of poor vegetables and worse meats permeates their military accoutrements.

But we must remember what the Seventh has done. Did it not put on its nice, white, laundry-dried trousers and march down Broadway in '61 to have a nice picnic in Washington, and thereby give Theodore Winthrop a chance to be read by all those who loved pure and clean romance? Did not the Seventh pipeclay its shoulder-straps and belts and go somewhere into Maryland while there was a terrific fight being fought several miles away? And when our pugnacious Irish fellow-citizens fell to fighting about squabbles which occurred several hundred years ago, did not the Seventh employ a whole brigade of bootblacks to polish their boots before they went to quell the riot? And a nobler and a braver body of men never marched up or down Broadway, when the street is kept clean for them, than our own gallant Seventh.

And so our Seventh thinks it deserves an armory. An armory all for itself. Far from the stench of market refuse. So it puts its hand into its little pocket and pulls out its little dollar, and then cries out to the world: "We want an armory, who'll help us?" And the help came.

But the help was not enough, and remembering that the brave deserve the Fair—everybody makes this joke—our braves of the Seventh determined to have a Fair, and to have the fair work the thing up.

So, at this writing, the beauty of New York in its Worth costume is floating around the big drill-room of the new Armory, with book in hand, cajoling the dollars out of the pockets of weak mankind. They rally by fours, they skirmish, they charge, they forage—what don't these girls do?—to get money out of the pockets of unfortunate mankind.

And so our gallant Seventh congratulates itself upon the greatest victory on its record.

Heretofore it has merely conquered man; now it has conquered more than man—it has captured man's dollars.

But in the very flush of its victory our Seventh must remember that victory is often followed by complete disaster. The history of all the great Generals of the world proves this. And while the beauty of New York is wheedling dollars out of the pockets of the generous to pay for that Armory it is also coaxing and capturing the hearts of the gallant Seventh.

So on its Scroll of Game will now be added not the sad record of "Killed," "Wounded," or "Missing"—but the far grander word of "Married." It is safe to say that in three months from now all the Bachelors of the Seventh will be married men, and those who are married now will be married all the more.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CX.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.



Ya-as, there is anothah f-f-fancy fai-ah he-ah, this time faw the benefit of a wegiment of volunte-ahs who, I am aw informed, have been in deep distwess, owing to

having sufferwed the depwivation of a woom in which to dwell and othah hardships.

Gweat efforts, it appe-ahs, have been made to pwocure sympathy faw these unfortunate cweatures, and with considerwable success, faw I believe this aw Seventh Wegiment we-ah cleanah twousers, and the youngstahs in the corps have the weputation of being a twifle maw wespectable and in weceipt of highah sal-arwies fwom their business employahs, than the fellaws in othah wegiments.

Jack aw, yer know, although verwy wigid in his ide-ahs of wegulah militarwy service, has no special objection to aw the organization of volunte-ahs.

Of course it is aw playing at soldiers, but it sets the young fellaws up and keeps them out of othah mischief; and then they are occasionally useful in putting down wiotahs, and in knowing a little dwell when they have to help the wegulahs in a pwopah war.

But aw, yer see, as long as it is only a question of volunteering to amuse himself as a soldier, and wearwing a pwetty uniform with bwass buttons, which makes his womankind think what a bwave fellow he is, and he is not weally obliged to serve his countwy by act of Amerwican Parliament—aw Congwess—this description of aw soldierwing must always we-main nothing maw than a wecweation, although it affords the averwage youngstah an opportunity of gwatifying his hobby.

Aw but I have not yet commenced to descwibe the fai-ah or the building wherwin the wevels are held.

Their new edifice is verwy new and extw-ordinarwily extensive, is built of bwick, and has cost a considerwable numbah of dollahs.

The wegiment, by holding this f-f-fancy fai-ah, will be able to pay the expenses of the erwection of the aw armorwy, or rathah gymnastic club pwemises, and can cut a gweatah dash than evah, but it seems unweasonable that all the enthusiasm of the populace and arwistocwacy should be expended on this particular volunte-ah corps when there are othahs quite as bwave and worthy of admirwation who are comparwatively unnoticed and have dwell-wooms which would not be we-markably well adapted faw the lodgings of animals of the aw equestrian species.

Jack and I, howevah, visited the arwangement at the urgent wequest of the officers of the volunte-ah wegiment, and, 'pon my soul, the coup d'oeil wasn't half bad, yer know. The stalls aw tables were well arwanged, much bettah than I gave Amerwican taste cwedit faw; and what with the music, the wush of visitahs, the numbah of quite decent things on sale and to be waffled faw, the young cweatures wunning about in f-f-fancy dwesses, the pwofusion of vegetable pwoductions in the shape of flowahs, the volunte-ah uniforms, the aw quite pwetty gyurls, the bwilliant lights, and othah things too numerwous to mention, Jack and I felt just a twifle bewilderwingly pleased yer know, and almost weconciled to the fact that the Seventh wegiment were not wegulahs.

I must defer further we-marks about the fai-ah until aw perwhaps next week aw.

THANKSGIVING VARIATIONS.

MODEST TO THE LAST.



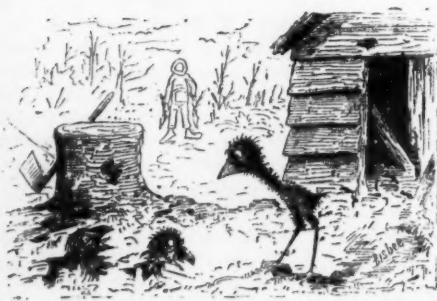
Mrs. Goose to Mr. Turkey: "That's right, my dear Turkey, cover my breast with the celery, as I must face a whole family of human gobblers."

LEAVING THE OLD HOMESTEAD.



FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES FROM SOCIAL OPPRESSION.

CHILDISH CURIOSITY.



"I WOND'ER WHICH IS MA AND WHICH PA?"



WITH heads of all your victims crowned,
O Goddess of Thanksgiving!
A Turkey's question I'd propound:
Is Life indeed Worth Living.

No Malloch I, in general;

'Tis but for this occasion
That I'd point out the tragical
Reverse of jubilation.

We laugh, we feast, we thank our stars;
And we have ample reason.

But, for the Turkey, only Mars
Shines blood-red at this season.

Republicans may utter pat
Thanks for their foeman's humbling:
And Democrats be grateful that
They're left the right of grumbling.

Hayes may his future prospect like—
A Sunless, sweet oblivion—
Kelly may make, next year, a strike
More lucrative to divvy on.

Yes, the whole world may grateful be
For joys or had or looked for,
Though less, indeed, could men but see
The various fates they're booked for.

Yet, lonely on a joyous earth
The turkey seeks instruction
Why he should praise a bootless birth
That preludes but destruction?

"What did they make me for?" he cries—
That is, you comprehend me,
No turkey *can* talk, if he tries—
"If it were but to end me?"

"Are mortals jealous, so to speak,
Of my melodious gobbles?
Or of the carmine 'neath my beak
In pendent grace that wobbles?"

"Perchance, in pre-historic times,
Baffling investigators,
We *were*, as in the nursery rhymes,
Tobacco masticators.

"Perchance, as mighty dodos, then,
Our ancient race was able
To feast at will on puny men,
Who now have turned the—table."

And thus the Turkey cries, and I
Cry too, and help him through it.
I have a sympathetic cry—
Perhaps that's why I do it.

But here I think I might as well
Silence a Muse too jerky:
For, hark! the welcome dinner-bell
Is calling me to Turkey.

RECIPROCITY.



"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

NATURAL, BUT UNEXPECTED.



"I would like to take another look at the old man before you gobble him up."

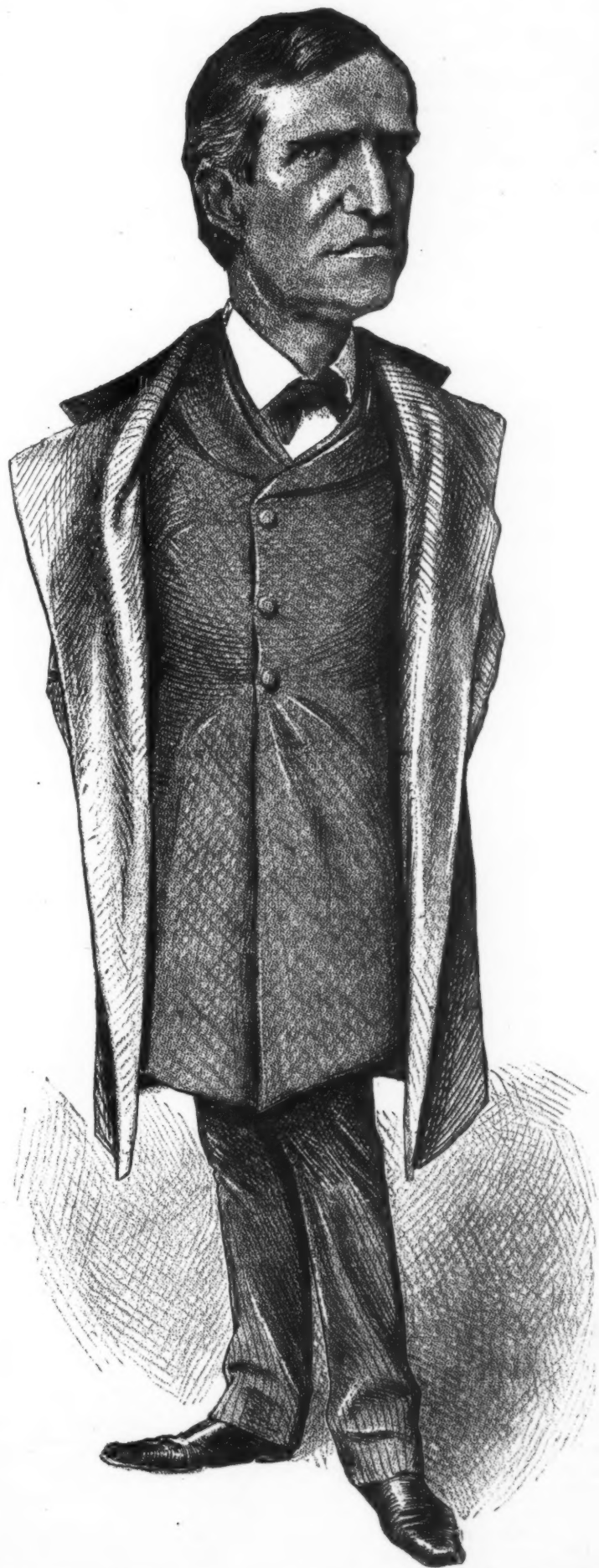
AFTER THANKSGIVING.



AXE AND CROWNS.

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

VIII.



W. Ales

BAYARD, THE BIG MAN FROM THE LITTLE STATE.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE
TROJAN WAR.

II.

THE GREEK TROOPS SAIL FOR TROY.

WHEN Paris arrived at Sparta he found "the loveliest wife on earth"—but she belonged to another man. This would have embarrassed and discouraged some young men, but Paris was full of go-ahead-iveness, and there was no such word as fail in his pocket dictionary—it being a Greek word. Menelaos received him kindly, and freely admitted him to the Society of Mrs. Menelaos. Paris made her costly presents and read Swinburnian poetry to her, and soon her eye grew brighter at his coming.

But Menelaos suspected nothing. He never dreamed that he was entertaining a Nihilist in editor's clothing, so to speak. He had so much confidence in his wife that he visited a friend in Crete and left her under the care of his guest.

And she left under the care of his guest.

They eloped to Troy, where they were married, and went to house-keeping on Fifth Avenue on a scale of bewildering magnificence. A telegram was sent to Crete, informing Menelaos of the disgrace that had fallen on his house. He said he would rather an able-bodied thunderbolt had fallen upon it. He swore an assortment of vigorous Greek swears, and returned home in the next train. Instead of starting out with a shot-gun in search of the destroyer of his marital felicity, he asked the advice of Nestor, an aged Greek Solomon, who knew almost as much as a Boston young lady who has just commenced to wear spectacles. Nestor was about two hundred and forty-seven years old, had voted for all the Presidents from G. Washington down to the fair-visiting Hayes, and could read fine print without the aid of an electric light. Nestor told Menelaos that nothing less than Gore—with a big G—would wipe out the disgrace—that he must sorely smite Paris and the Trojans. And Paris at once set about making preparations to smite. He started out on a recruiting tour, and succeeded admirably, considering that he didn't offer each volunteer \$300 bounty and a mule. All the male persons between the ages of 18 and 45 joined his army, but two—Odysseus and Achilles. Odysseus had a wife and a new baby and didn't want to go to war—albeit this is the very time, we've been told, that some married men *do* want to go to war—for the sake of peace, 'tis said. He pretended to be insane—Odysseus did. He put on a fisherman's hat, stuck straws in his hair, yoked an ox and bull together, and commenced to plow. It never struck him to start a Greenback paper, in order to establish his insanity. A recruiting sergeant, suspecting his ruse, captured his infant and placed it before the plow. Odysseus turned the plow aside, saved the child, and proved his sanity. He was then conducted into camp and given a suit of blue which fit him all over with too much liberality. Odysseus was terribly provoked at the failure of his insanity dodge. He said he wished he had skedaddled to Canada.

Achilles was disguised as a girl and brought up among the daughters of King Lykomedes. This was decidedly preferable to fighting for glory, hard tack and seven dollars a month. He learned to love one of the King's daughters, and married her. He had a soft thing of it during his courtship. After sitting up with his girl until 2 A.M. he was not obliged to leave the house, rush out into Egyptian darkness, be hailed by a policeman with "Hi! there!" and run the risk of being clubbed nearly to death.

One of Menelaos's officers, disguised as a peddler, obtained admittance to the King's palace on the pretext of showing his daughters some new styles in striped stockings. The Argus-eyed officer discovered Achilles and displayed a magnificent suit of armor before him, at the same time ordering a call to arms to be sounded on a military horn. Achilles weakened at this, and the alleged peddler attributed it to the armor and a military spirit. "Don't," exclaimed Achilles, "don't sound that infernal horn again. I'll enlist!" Or words to that effect.

At last the expedition was ready—about 150,000 men, and ships enough to blow the American navy clear across the state of Rhode Island. The New York *Herald* began to reproduce the war maps utilized in former wars, and hundreds of self-sacrificing patriots offered to bleed for their country by staying at home and accepting army contracts at two hundred per cent. profit.

Agamemnon was elected commander of the Greek forces, and the vessels sailed from Aulis with the bands playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Greek maidens thronged the piers, some weeping copiously, and others smiling and waving their handkerchiefs. The latter had been several years married, and their husbands were on the vessels.

The fleet landed by mistake at Mysia, and the troops at once began to lay in a stock of gold watches, silver plate and things for a rainy day. The Mysians objected, and all the terrors of a Peru-Chilian war were precipitated upon the land. Each side had a man wounded.

The fleet returned to Aulis, where General Agamemnon shot a stag, an animal sacred to Diana. He was so highly elated over his skill as a marksman that he offered to wager that he could score more bull's-eyes out of a possible one hundred than the goddess of the chase herself.

Incontinently the goddess made him wish he had left his boast at home in his other trousers-pockets. She caused a series of misfortunes to befall him. She first sent a calm, which detained the fleet week after week.

To while away the hours of waiting, Palamedes invented the game of draughts, and introduced polo, base-ball, Copenhagen, seven-up and other domestic games. If Agamemnon had been a strategist, he would have ordered a detachment of Company B. to get out and tow the vessels. He never studied the science of war.

The calm continued until it was discovered that the gods required on the part of Agamemnon the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigeneia—evidently christened before spelling. reform conventions were invented. Ag. sent for his daughter to come to Aulis—"to be married to Achilles," he fraudulently explained in a postscript on the postal-card.

Iphigeneia came, but instead of being led to the bridal altar, she was conducted to the altar of Diana. This altar-ed matters materially. The butt of paragraphists—*i. e.*, a goat—was sacrificed in her stead, and Diana carried off Miss Iphie in a cloud to Taurus.

It must be a terrible disappointment to a young woman to leave home under the impression that she is soon to become a bride, and then to be carried off by a woman instead of a man! W.

ANDREWS'S *American Queen* informs us under its Charleston, S. C., fashionable intelligence that "Mrs. Andrew Adger's bright face is one of the recently returned from a summer in Virginia." It would be interesting to hear where Mrs. Andrew Adger usually leaves the rest of her when herself "bright face" travels about.

A GENTLE QUERIST.

PUCK!—I have purchased twenty-five revolving pistols, I have borrowed three Gatling guns, I found a big sword, I have a double-breasted shot-gun, a razor, and a bull pup.

To-morrow I ship the above armament and myself to New York; arriving there, I shall proceed at once to the office of Puck, dispose of my forces so as to command the entire building; in order to add double terror to the situation I shall place Capt. Williams and a very large club around the corner.

Then the trouble will begin.

I shall enter the office and demand an interview with the young gentleman of slight habiliments; this will, of course, be immediately granted. To him I will make the following proposition: that he then and there inform me:

1st. Who is Haseltine?

2d. Who is the she in regard to whom he seems so anxious?

3d. What is it he's trying to find out.

The last two "he's" refer to the said Haseltine.

If these questions are answered honestly then all will be well—I shall raise my hands above PUCK's head and bless him. Should he refuse to gratify my reasonable curiosity then must he accept the inevitable.

I have suffered too much in my endeavor to unravel the terrible mystery—I will submit no longer. To me the name has become as great a night-mare as the "hardly ever" of "Pinafore." It is ever in my mind; I see it in every book or paper I read, on the street; in fact, everywhere and always. Not long ago I was signing some papers; upon examination I found I had been writing Haseltine instead of

Yours truly,

FRED. CHARLES.

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

HAMLET—ACT I.

POLONIUS was both father, and nearer to Laertes, than any other in Denmark. He invented a sausage to which he lent his name.—[Sc. 3.]

AFTER declaiming to his impatient boy the entire moral law, Polonius apologizes, that it is "my blessing season."—[Sc. 3.]

POLONIUS was so inconsistent as to preach virtue and add vice to his son.—[Sc. 3.]

THE boys had their own fun on that platform: when the prince appeared as end-man in a minstrel performance, Horatio applauds "a nigger air" of his.—[Sc. 4.]

TWO months after the remarkably insecure burial of Hamlet senior they were still indulging in mortuary exercises at the palace, for his namesake states: "The king doth wake to-night."—[Sc. 4.]

THE 2:13½ gait that the ghost struck when he waltzed on to the platform elicits from Horatio the exclamation: "My Lord! it comes!"—[Sc. 4.]

THE "ordnance shot off" indicates Claudius's method of cannonizing his sainted brother.—[Sc. 4.]

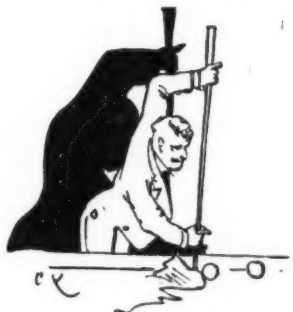
JOHN ALBRO.

TO THE TURKEY.

ALL HAIL, proud bird of Freedom!
 The people have risen again!
 Thou art doomed, huge bird, to feed 'em;
 Come forth from thy barn yard pen!
 O gift of the gods! Thou'rt an angel with "sass!"
 Thou suitest me better than a railroad pass!
 Thou art sweeter than a burlesque blonde
 When flavored with sage and salt!
 Thou art mighty as the French Gironde,
 Accompanied by wine and malt!
 Though thy ghost may haunt us in unpaid bills,
 Thou art better for health than a ton of blue pills!
 Oh! great men sit down before thee,
 And doff their high silk plugs;
 When the golden grease falleth o'er thee
 And thou art environed with mugs!
 Yea, thou diest the death of a righteous sage,
 And slippest down good in thy green old age!

Ctd.

MR. MUGGINS PLAYS BILLIARDS,
 FOR THE
 CHAMPIONSHIP OF GOWANUS.



BILLIARDS is my favorite game. There is manliness about it that you don't find above any other game—except, perhaps, draw poker and seven-up—and, on that account, mainly, and because it affords exhilarating exercise, I prefer it to nearly all other games.

I used to know Joe Geelong, when he kept a Billiard-hall in Montreal; and when I met him the other day, after an interval of almost a decade, he very naturally suggested a friendly tussel over the cloth of green.

I had some misgivings as to my abilities, owing to my condition of rustiness after so long a period of desuetude, especially as I never played over a half dozen games altogether, and those during my early acquaintance with the billiard champion.

However, I pride myself on my pluck; I think I have more pluck than anything else—unless it is cheek—and so I did not hesitate to match cues with the expert Canadian.

We strung for the lead—my ball going back and forth about three times, and stopping dead in the centre of the table.

Joe said he had won the lead, and as I had no umpire, I had to cave in and let him go ahead.

I chalked my cue and stared around while he rolled up thirty—following him about and keeping watch that he played fair—because I had no umpire.

Then I took off my coat, chalked my cue afresh, and prepared for action.

I banged away, with a determination to produce results, if they could be produced; and below I don't give you a diagram of my wonderful shot. The paper wouldn't hold it.

But it was a well earned shot, and gave me one, amidst great applause, Joe, himself, clapping his hands with generous gusto. Then I chalked my cue, and fired another broadside. It was a beautiful shot, and I came within a hair's-length of making a count, which, by that slight mischance, I lost.

Then Joseph took his innings. I will do Joe the justice to say that in spite of the fact that he does not display much muscular effect, he manages to have mighty good luck, for on his second bout he scooped in sixty points.

Once more I chalked my cue; and then I played for safety—and missed.

Joe got the balls together and rolled up twenty more.

I chalked my cue, and fired another blank cartridge.

Then Joe scratched together seventy-five, and the balls froze.

I chalked my cue.

Joe played from the spot and counted.

Still I chalked my cue.

The game was to be five hundred points for the beer and the championship of all Gowanus.

I chalked my cue, and Joe kept blazing away till he got up to 140 on this innings, and then he slipped up on an orange peel, leaving the balls in good form for me.

My next shot was a massé. I am nothing if not scientific. I chalked my cue and let sliver.



MY MASSÉ.

I made the shot; but I masséd a hole in the cloth that cost me fifteen dollars.

Expense was no object to me in my intense excitement. I was after the championship. Once more I chalked my cue, and was just on the point of making a beautiful shot, when Joe sung out—

"No rail nursing!"

"I ain't nursing anything," says I. "Did you think I was a baby farmer?"

Joe called in the purser of the establishment as referee, who decided that I must spot my ball and begin again.

I demurred; but Joe decided in favor of the referee; and, having no umpire, I had to succumb.

In my excitement I chalked my ball instead of my cue, and when I played I missed again by a mere hair's-length. This interference checked my career in the midst of one of the most interesting runs I had made in the entire game.

I felt annoyed, but I chalked my cue stoically, and let Joe go to the bat once more.

The game now stood—

ME: 1-0-0-0-0-1=2.

Joe: 30-60-20-140=250.

It beat all—the luck that that fellow had! He kept walking round the table, making shot after shot, while I followed, still chalking my cue, till he had added 210 to his score.

Then I tried a draw shot. To my astonishment my ball went about two feet into the air and then crocheted off under the table.

Joe allowed that that didn't count me anything, and then he started on another heat, down the home stretch. He added 30 points to his score, and then went to grief on an easy carom.

Now, if I could only make a run of 498, I should run the game out, and beat him after all. Summoning all my strength for a *coup de force terrifique*, I banged away with a tremendous plunge, but an unfortunate miss prevented my counting.

About this time the chalk gave out, and I despaired of winning.

In ten more whacks Joe ran the game out, and I lost the championship.

I haven't the heart to figure up the average. If the chalk had only held out a little longer I might have won!

Yours gamely,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

THE GAUNTLET OF HORRORS.

IF the enormous sums that are yearly collected for the support of our charities were pooled and disbursed in a systematic and proper manner, New York would not be disgraced by such a spectacle as our artist has depicted on the last page cartoon.

We have asylums, houses of refuge and hospitals for every species of disease or affliction under the sun and moon.

We have institutions for the lame and the halt, the blind and the deaf, the idiot and the incurable; and how recreant these establishments are to their trust may be seen almost any day in the week by the peripatetic loathsome, deformed wretches that infest our streets and make a trade of their afflictions in a manner rivaling only that of the Roman beggars in the portico of St. Peter's.

It is a profitable business, because the average foot-passenger is not fond of contemplating human misery, and will give something—anything—so long as the wretched object will get out of his way.

It is monstrous that such a state of things should be allowed to exist for a day in this great city.

If a man is unfortunate enough to lose his legs and his arms, he is obviously unfitted to earn a living in the same way as a man who possesses these members.

The duty of his fellow-citizens, through their City or State charities, is plain. They should take care of him, keep him from the busy haunts of other men, and treat him kindly, for he is a worthy object of compassion.

On no account should he be permitted to flaunt before nervous women and good-hearted men his horrible deformities.

It may be urged that to deprive him of his liberty, after the loss of arms and legs, is to punish him for a fault which is not his. But this is the penalty he must pay for living in an alleged civilized community.

A maimed individual, allowed to roam and beg about the streets at will, can only excite horror and terror. He is a nuisance and an eyesore, and as such ought to be quietly relegated to an institution where he can enjoy all the liberty he pleases, except the liberty to annoy other people by his offensive appearance.

Let our "Charities and Corrections" authorities look to it. Let our streets be cleared of these pestilent beggars. But how vain is the hope of anything being done in the matter!

When a judge and jury actually congratulate Mr. Captain Williams on his recent acquittal, why should such a little thing as a complaint against a few maimed and diseased wretches be heeded by the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections?

FLING OUT THE BLOODY SHIRT!



ANOTHER SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

(MIRLITONNADE.)

À MADAME C....



THANKSGIVING DAY! Entends la cloche
Qui dans les airs redit: din don!
L'heure fatale, hélas! approche—
Pauvre dindon!

Thanksgiving day! Grande hécatombe!
Merci, mon Dieu, de tous tes dons,
Pour te bénir, il faut qu'il tombe
Mille dindons!

Thanksgiving day! O Puissant Maître!
On nous l'a dit dans les sermons,
C'est pour cela que tu fis naître
Tant de dindons!

Thanksgiving day! Sur terre éparses
Que de tribus, de nations
En ton saint nom, des saintes farces
Sont les dindons!

Thanksgiving day! La République
Engraisse, hélas! de cent façons
En France et même en Amérique
Bien des dindons!

Thanksgiving day! C'est indigeste!
Je suis bourré comme un canon!
Je ne puis plus faire un seul geste:
Sacré dindon!

Thanksgiving day! Ma belle-mère
S'en est fourré jusqu' au menton:
Qu'on la conduise au cimetière!
Brave dindon!

Thanksgiving day! J'ai pris, madame,
Au lieu d'un luth, un mirliton:
Ne dites pas: l'auteur, bédame!
Est un dindon!

H.

TOO THIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I wish you would answer these few questions, or place them before the public for answers. How is it that there is such a fuss about the Seventh regiment and their new armory? Where did the Seventh render any valuable war services that would warrant the public in patronizing and helping their project? Why, I could go over to England to-day and pick out a hundred common soldiers who could whip the whole Seventh regiment in any battlefield. Why, half those pie-eaters would run away when they would hear a shot. Is it because they parade Broadway so finely that all this applause comes! Having no prejudice against any American I merely inquire, Are New Yorkers such fools? ENGLISHMAN.

—Herald, Nov. 17th.

We believe it was the Maharajah of Burdwan, lately deceased, who remarked to the Akhoond of Swat, also deceased, less lately: "My royal and imperial brother, ruler of the sun, moon and stars, super-calendered monarch of the universe, I have heard that it is the custom of some newspapers to write letters to themselves, and thus put before the public deliverances which might sound awkwardly in the editorial columns." And the Akhoond of Swat made answer, with guarded discretion, as he abstractedly chewed on the ear of his favorite slave: "Boss of creation, I have heard something of the same sort myself."

The unanimous opinion of these estimable potentates ought to weigh heavily with an intelligent and enlightened public. Far be it from us to say that the letter which we reprint above, accompanied by an appropriate artistic fantasy, was composed in the office of our very E. C., the *Herald*. We only say that it was not a judicious thing to publish, considering

the low skepticism prevalent among men of this generation. It may have come from a real genuine, live Englishman; but if it did, the *Herald* should never have published it. Our E. C.'s course was clear. It should have deposited the letter in the wastebasket, sent for the author, and at once engaged him as a member of the famous "*Herald* Intellectual Staff." He evidently has every necessary qualification, and is clearly a fine specimen of the raw article from which the ranks of the "Intellectual" are recruited. So fine a specimen, indeed, that we cannot believe that he has been so long suffered to waste his talents outside of our E. C.'s office. Examining his composition on its merits, we should have been willing to affirm that it could not have been conceived and executed outside of the *Herald's* own establishment. If it is simply a sporadic case of intellectuality of the pure *Herald* type, we trust that our friend at Ann st. and Broadway will not long neglect a too obvious duty.

That "Englishman" must at once be set to writing weather-reports, political editorials, base-ball notes and dramatic criticisms, and otherwise performing the varied labors of a member of the "Intellectual."

That is, if such is not already the case. But one thing leads us to believe that it is not. There is a certain basis of plain, unadulterated fact in "Englishmen's" letter. He exaggerates, of course; but there is a saving grain of truth in his suggestion that the members of the Seventh regiment have scarcely proved their claim to anything much better than mere carpet knighthood. Of course, it would take more than one hundred regulars—possibly two hundred and fifty—to break the serpentine ranks of the Seventh; and that organization is not wholly composed of pie-eaters. Some of the young soldiers prefer bon-bons. Still, there is a faint flavor of veracity about the note that does not suggest *Herald* Intellectuality, and it is perhaps only the thought that Englishmen, though never renowned for tact or delicacy, are, as a class, honest, right-thinking men, who would not be guilty of an insulting interference with the affairs of a nation whose guests they may be, which has led the general public to believe that the letter in question was indited within the walls of the *Herald* Building.



Will Mr. Talmage oblige us with the text of the "memorandum of expenses" which he read to his congregation at his last Friday night talk? Or, if Mr. Talmage won't, will anyone else?

THE THEATRES.

"The Pullman Palace Car" is on the track at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Brooklyn.

Levy, the cornetist, is here, Manhattan Beach having frozen him out for the season.

Koster & Bial's new WINTER GARDEN is now open, and forms a commodious addition to their Concert Hall.

"An Arabian Night," by the author of "Ultimo" better known in America as the "Big Bonanza," is announced to succeed "Wives" this week at DALY'S THEATRE.

"Fritz in Ireland" continues to throng Mr. Abbey's PARK THEATRE despite Mr. Emmet's new arrangement of his specialty not being equal to the earlier "Fritz" of our acquaintance.

"Self Conquest," a version of Wilkie Collins's novel of "the Frozen Deep," is an interesting play and has been attracting audiences to the FIFTH AVENUE. The adaptors are Messrs. Scott Clirehugh and Townsend Percy, and their work is neatly done. Miss Nard Almayne and Miss Ida Jeffries were acceptable in their personations, and Mr. Joseph Wheelock as *Lieut. Wardour* acted in an unusually powerful and sympathetic manner in a part to which he was quite suited.

The best work of Her Majesty's Hopera Company at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC was the performance, last Sunday night, of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." For those who prefer sacred music to "Babies on our block," or the "Turkish Patrol," it is long since such a treat has been provided. Of operas there have been sung during the week "Aida," "Marta," and "Il Trovatore." Valleria is becoming a favorite, and not undeservedly so, for she is a clever, pain-taking and good artist.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor has been astonishing everybody at CHICKERING HALL with the variety and looseness of his astronomical information. He tells us, among other extraordinary things, that this earth won't be uninhabitable for a matter of two or three thousand million years, and that it has already been in existence some five hundred million years. Now this is all nonsense, we know that it isn't six thousand years old yet, and we're going to stick to it in spite of Mr. Proctor or any other man.

"Fatinitza," at the STANDARD, was welcomed as a comparatively old favorite on Monday night of last week. Mlle. Jarbeau, although not quite at home in the title rôle, exhibited herself to advantage and showed that "Pinafore" had not entirely deprived her of the ability to try her hand at something else. Mr. Weeks as *Julian*, the correspondent, both played and sang his part in a most effective manner. The mounting was quite adequate, and we don't think we shall be called false prophets in saying "Fatinitza" will run so long as the management chooses to keep it on.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She has another.

H. C. S.—If you have a local habitation, suppose you let us know what it is. The address of your last boarding-house is all very well in its way, as a piece of general information; but we're more interested in knowing where you are now. Good faith alone begets good faith. If you want proper treatment, don't treat us to any more arabasque addresses; but come up to the scratch and make your remarks like a man.

CHEL TENHAM.—The question of the propriety of a platonic affection for a married woman is one that has frequently perplexed, and occasionally broken older heads than yours. If you are really bent on trying any experiments, select the matrimonial partner of a dry-goods drummer with a heavy western trade, and habituate yourself to wearing a sheet-iron chest-protector.

ARCHIE GASCOYNE

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,

BY

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: A Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;"

"Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of Life;"

"Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"

etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Misfortunes never come singly, nor good fortunes either."—*Old Proverb.*

"And Aaron said unto them, 'Break off the golden ear-rings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.'

"And all the people brake off the golden ear-rings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron.

"And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, 'These are thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.'"

—*Exodus*, Chap. xxxii, vs. 2, 3 and 4.

The year was swiftly drawing to a close; on mountain and valley, on gulch and street lay a thick covering of snow. Down the gullies of Grizzly Peak, and through the canyon of Wild River, a bitter cold wind swept across the crisp, soft snow, and over the short level plain at the east end of which stands Bouldersville, making the surging crowds of that flourishing Nevada town shiver through their thick furs, and even piercing into the heated atmosphere of the Rio Grande Hotel.

"By Jove, sir," remarked one of the inmates of that far-famed house, "isn't it cold? I feel it even here."

"Cold," echoed a querulous, thin voice in reply, "stir up the fire and put on an extra rug. What a country it is!"

Apart altogether from their appearance, the voices and accent of the speakers would at once have betrayed their nationality. They were Englishmen—father and son; the former was an old, white, thin, haggard, yet noble-looking man who was half sitting up and half reclining in bed, carefully propped by cushions and pillows, and almost buried under a mass of blankets and rugs. The house itself was heated, and in the room a fire burned brightly in the stove, yet, in spite of all, the invalid felt the cold, and shivered, for an old man's blood is thin and hard to warm into life. Yet in reality he was not an old man; that is to say, he was yet within at least twelve or thirteen years of the proverbial three score and ten. But he was what is worse; he was a man whose entire constitution, physical and mental, was worn out—used up before its time. Six months before Sir Alexander Gascoyne, for it was he, was as fine a specimen of a hale, straight, hearty old gentleman as you could wish to see. Active, vigorous and strong; quick to resolve, and speedy to execute; of a sanguine temperament, and a hearty off-hand manner which was very taking, and none the less so because of its slight infusion of aristocratic hauteur, Sir Alexander when he first set foot in Bouldersville looked, as indeed he was, in the prime of manhood.

What then had caused so lamentable a change—so terrible a breakdown. The story is a sad one; all the sadder, perhaps, because so common. It is not necessary to enter into all the bitter and tedious details. Enough for us to know that the warning given by old Jakes as to the stability of the Isabella Silver Mining Company had proved only too true. Not that the concern had actually "burst up," for eventually it turned out a magnificent success. But it had

been "manipulated." After, by cunningly-worded prospectuses and what not, the originators had succeeded in getting some wealthy English capitalists interested in the mine, and had prevailed on Sir Alexander, the Hon. Plantagenet Blinks, M. P. for the Camlachie Burghs, and other English magnates, to become directors of the concern, and, of course, to invest their capital in it, and the capital of such of their friends as they could secure, it was found after a time that the mines had suddenly become flooded. Indeed, it was boldly asserted even that the veins of silver-ore had been wrought out; had come to a stop; and, in short, that the Isabella Silver Mines, which had been purchased for the "ridiculously low price" of five million odd dollars, was not worth an old song.

So, down the shares went with a rush, and Sir Alexander went down with them. How was he to know, honest simple gentleman as he was, that the flooding of the mines, etc., was all a job; that the original promoters of the concern, now they had got foreign capital to buy it and set it a-going, were secretly buying in the "worthless" shares as fast as they could? That in fact the mine was an almost invaluable property, as eventually it proved to be? All he knew was that the shares had dropped from \$250 to a merely nominal figure—say 50 cents—and that thousands of poor shareholders in England who had been induced to invest their money—in many cases their little all—on the strength of such men as Sir Alexander Gascoyne, Bart., the Hon. Plantagenet Blinks, M. P., shrewd men of business like the Hon. James Anderson, M. P. for Carlsdyke, and others being on the Directorate—were clamoring to have him and his fellow-directors brought to justice?

Great God! that the century-honored name of Gascoyne should be bandied about so; should be made a by-word and a reproach; that the words thief and swindler should be even breathed in connection with it, much less boldly uttered in the public press!—the very thought was terrible. In comparison with that, so far at least as himself was concerned, he did not care one jot for the loss of the money, though that even meant little less than ruin.

And then, too, there was his boy, his only one—on whom, in the natural course of events, it would fall to maintain the honors and discharge the responsibilities of the House of Gascoyne!

No wonder the poor Baronet broke down under the crushing accumulation of misfortune, remorse and shame.

It was some little comfort certainly to know how splendidly his boy—brave boy! and the old man's eyes filled with tears each time they turned, and they were always turning, to that brave young face—had stood the shock. But even that consolation had its sting, for if Archie, instead of being the son he was, had turned out a scapegrace and a roué, his father would have regretted the fall of the old house less. But, as it was, it almost added to, even while it in some measure assuaged, his remorse and sorrow.

Need we say more on this particular subject? We think not. It would be unprofitable in any case to detail one by one the insidious snares and inducements by which the Baronet had been wiled on step by step to ruin; useless as well as sad. Sufficient for us that ruin had come,—ruin physically, pecuniary, mental.

This, of course, had not been the work of a day. Five months have elapsed since, in all the blaze and glory of one of July's loveliest mornings, Archie had arrived in Bouldersville to find his father the centre of an admiring crowd of toadies, shysters and designing speculators. From the very first the Baronet had turned a deaf ear to all his son's representations and warnings; smiling down upon them complacently, from the supreme height of his own great experience and wisdom, as the timid apprehensions of unexperienced youth.

"Never fear, my boy," he would say as he slowly patted his breast in that grand manner of his, "the shares are going up every day, and the interest—demmit, Archie, next month we are going to declare 75 per cent."

And so the shares *did* go up and the 75 per cent. *was* declared, and within ten days the Isabella Mine had gone to smash.

* * *

This was on the 12th of October, and on the 13th the old man suddenly broke down. Learned men called his illness by various imposing and long-winded names; but Archie simply knew it as paralysis.

At first, in his distress, the poor lad was in despair as to what he should do, not having a single reliable friend in the whole place whom he could consult with confidence. At last he bethought himself of Jakes, to whom he immediately wired, following up the telegram by a lengthy but succinct letter giving full particulars of the tragedy. In reply he had received a message to this effect:

"Do naught till you hear from me. Above all don't sell out just yet. Wire from time to time how things are."

And so Archie had done, but it was now the second last week in December and Jakes had sent no further message.

Such was the state of matters at the time when this chapter opens. Propped up in bed, as we have seen, the Baronet was surrounded by papers and documents, scrips and shares, prospectuses and letters of all kind, which he kept nervously turning over and over, forgetting each sentence as soon as read, and continually appealing to Archie with querulous questions and complaints.

"Why can't we sell out?" he would cry, and Archie had hard work to pacify him; to make him understand the "why" was impossible. All he himself knew was that Jakes had urged him not, on any account, to do so, and he meant this to follow Jakes' advice.

"If I only had enough money," was another constant moan of the sick man. "If I only had enough to pay back poor Mrs. Blake!—if I only had that! Poor Fanny!"

Mrs. Blake, you must know, was an old widowed lady of Sir Alexander's acquaintance. Gossip indeed had it that far back in those brave days when George the First was king she had been his first love. However this may be, she and the Baronet were particularly close friends, and it was he who had induced her to take her little fortune out of the three per cents and reinvest it in the ill-fated Isabella.

"If I had only money enough to repay Mrs. Blake. Poor Fanny!"

And then his thoughts would go back to the time when they two used to wander hand-in-hand through the blossomy woods of Fernydown—a portion of the Gascoyne estate—and the old man's sorrow would break out afresh.

On the night of which we speak, he had

harped on this string even more than usual; and as Archie sat by the bedside and listened to his piteous moans, his young heart rose within him.

Times without number he had thought of poor Jim's deathbed confession—his ghastly legacy. Again and again he had read it; again and again had found himself consulting the map, and endeavoring to fix the exact locality of the scene of that midnight tragedy. Was it really all true? If so, was the money there yet? And all the time his sensitive mind shrank from the idea of touching that blood-stained gold.

True, the man had been a ruffian, a swindler, to all accounts a ruffian of the deepest dye. True, he had also been shot in what the parlance of that part of the country called a "fair, square, stand-up fight." True, he had only been so shot after not only swindling, but attempting to murder his two guests; and equally true he had left neither kith nor kin, acquaintance nor friend to inherit his ill-got gains. But all the same they were ill-got; and all the same, according to the judgment of an English tribunal, Jim would undoubtedly be held to have committed murder.

So it was that Archie, with what some readers of this history may consider to have been prudish sensitiveness, shrank from touching that blood-stained gold.

That night, however, the Doctor on leaving had whispered to him that if the Baronet's mind were only more composed his recovery would be rendered much more probable and easier. So the upshot of it all was that in the morning Archie said to Sir Alexander:

"Would you find it very hard, sir, to be without me for a day or two?"

"Without you!" with as near an approach to a shriek as his feeble voice could give, cried the invalid, "are you mad, my boy?" and then he cried.

What could Archie do but wait? And he did wait; but later on that same day, when the Baronet seemed in better spirits, he renewed the attempt.

"You know, sir, I would die sooner than leave you, but I think I know of a good way by which I could get enough money at least to repay Mrs. Blake, if only you could spare me a few days."

At first the Baronet merely glared at him—speechless. Then gradually the expression of his face changed into one of intense eagerness blended with mixed incredulity and joy. With feverish energy he clutched his son by either arm and peered into his face as if he would lay bare his very soul.

"Archie, my son—my first and only born—dost thou deceive me?"

"Deceive you, father? As there is a God above us—no," replied Archie solemnly.

"And you think—you really think you could get this money?"

"I do."

"But how?"

"That, sir, I cannot explain now. Only trust to me—only trust."

"And how long would you be away?"

"I don't quite know, sir; that depends. But not more than six days."

"Six days," murmured the sick man in a low voice, the childish pathos of which went through the son's heart like a knife, "that is—a long time."

Then there was a long pause. After which the Baronet said:

"But you think you can get the money?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Poor Fanny! In that case, my boy,—you had better go. . . . There—leave me."

Then he turned his face to the wall and wept.

That same evening, after arranging with the Doctor for his father's treatment and care, Archie set out for Grizzly Gulch.

THE CITY OF GOLD.

Silver City, Colorado, is one of those marvellous outcomes and developments of Western American civilization and enterprise to which the history of no other portion of the globe affords a parallel; cities—wealthy, populous and great; full of gigantic enterprises, unconquerable ambitions and prodigious energy; with all the rude freedom of a half-savage community and the luxury and vices of New York and Paris,—which, during the last half century, have sprung up, literally in a night, all over the western portion of the United States.

At the time when our hero was crossing the Atlantic in the good steamship "State of Georgia," Silver City—it had originally been known as Grizzly Gulch, but when the place shot into importance had been rechristened by the more fashionable and euphonious name of Silver City—was a mean place of some 5 or 6,000 inhabitants, mostly miners.

The principal buildings were little more than shanties, and not much at that, and of women there were not more than a score or two.

The leading thoroughfares were agreeably diversified by great gaps, and waste spaces covered with sage bushes and timber. There was a newspaper, of course, but such a sheet! About the size of your palm, as yellow as ochre, and all but illegible. The want of a church was not particularly felt in the presence of several gambling hells, which with the aid of a low variety show, any number of drinking saloons, and several disreputable bagnios, supplied the citizens with excitement and pleasure.

But the fame of the mines of Silver City soon spread like wildfire far and near, and thousands of adventurers from all parts of the country, and even from the uttermost ends of the earth came pouring into it.

In an incredibly short time the old wooden shanties gave place to spacious and imposing buildings; within six months three churches had been erected; three theatres built; three morning daily papers established; street car-ways laid; schools built; an imposing Court House, City Hall, Post-Office and what not run up; besides half a score of large hotels and no end of really magnificent stores, and stately blocks of private dwelling houses.

Much as Archie had heard of the rapid growth of Silver City, the reality, when he arrived there—for it was his nearest resting-place to the spot where the treasure was supposed to be hidden, and indeed not far distant from it—he was fairly overwhelmed with astonishment. Through the streets, but six months before an arid waste, cumbered with sage bushes and timber, rushed and jostled an enormous crowd of eager-eyed men and women of every clime; strangers in creed, nationality, customs and color, but all united in one great common pursuit—the pursuit of gold.

Princely equipages, too, whirled along; from a thousand windows of hotel and store, for it was night—a Sunday night, by the way—flashed brilliant lights; and all was bustle and riot, luxury and stir and life. Crowds of fashionable ladies, with toilettes from Oxford Street and Worth, and furs from Astrachan and Thibet, mingled with the throng; their costly silks and old-world laces rubbed against and were soiled by the clay-smeared shirts of sal-low-faced, fierce-eyed miners, armed conspicuously around the waist with Colts and bowie-knives.

There, too, he found the theatres open night, all night, and day—Sunday and week-day; the actresses—heaven save the mark!—varying their histrionic efforts by dispensing insinuating beverages and other luxuries among the audience.

Then there were the gambling hells, one of which in particular Archie was told, was 200

feet long and 50 feet wide; and in and out of this magnificent den of vice throngs of men and women poured night and day, their entrance and exit being thought no more of than if the saloon had been a church.

Indeed, much less. For, to be a church-goer in Silver City was to be a marked man, an oddity. None but Catholics went, and they only when and because they couldn't help it.

And in that gambling hell, and not in it alone, but in many others, a brass-band played night and day; choice free lunches and *recherché* suppers (at the same charge) were dispensed to the patrons, with unlimited champagne and cigars.

Men who yesterday had been loafing around bar counters in search of a free lunch were to-day riding in their carriages; banco-steerers, thieves, pickpockets, confidence-men and the like enterprising gentlemen plied a roaring trade; the noble profession of "hands-up," gentlemen, was freely practiced, often in open daylight; and bagnios, low dancing-saloons and other dens of infamy reaped a golden harvest.

To this City of Refuge—as veritably a City of Refuge surely as ever were Kedesh or Shechem or Kirjath-arba, or any of the other cities appointed as such in the days of Joshua—flocked adventurers of every imaginable kind. Broken-down aristocrats from Belgravia; blasé roués from Homburg; nervous, hollow-eyed speculators from New York; escaped horse-stealers and cut-throats from Texas; thieves, bawds and pickpockets from Five Points; runaway forgers and fraudulent bankrupts from either hemisphere; murderers from Sing-Sing; and hawk-beaked Jews from Shoreditch and the Bowery—with the usual army of professional miners, shysters, broken-down ministers, lawyers, politicians, and men and women who had fled from the pressure of domestic or pecuniary embarrassments.

With these, of course, there were also hundreds of honorable men—honest, industrious and law-abiding—who had been attracted to the spot by the laudable desire of making a legitimate fortune; as well as stray visitors like our friend Archie, who had been drawn thither either by curiosity or the necessities of business.

Such was the city in which Archie thus suddenly found himself placed, and distracted as he was by a thousand and one anxieties and griefs, he could not but study with interest and wonder the extraordinary panorama before him; so bewildering in its marvelously strong and numerous contrasts, and so weirdly brilliant by its dazzling lights, its glaring colors, its fiercely contrasted luxury and want, vice and virtue, pomp and squalor, tragedy and mirth, polish and vulgarity, lime-light and shade.

But much as, even in his then condition of mind, he might have wished to explore it, he had other work to do—work which must be done at once.

It was not difficult to find out as near as possible the spot he wished to go to. It was east of Silver City, certainly, but not far east. The trouble was he dared not take a guide—dared not, indeed, take any help at all. Whatever was to be done, he must do himself; and much of what was to be done must be done in the dark.

Nothing daunted, however, he set out boldly next morning on his quest, leaving his traps at the Grand Central Hotel, where he had put up.

* * * * *

The story of how he fared must be reserved for another chapter.

[To be continued.]

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The **Colton Dental Association** is daily demonstrating the anæsthetic effects of nitrous oxide gas in the painless extraction of teeth. The number of patients certifying that their teeth had been drawn without pain, and that the gas was pleasant to inhale, reached on September 24, 1879, 112,743. This includes persons from all points of the compass, who have had from one to twenty teeth extracted.

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Puck's Exchanges.

GILBERT and Sullivan have been in the country two weeks and yet this side of the world has not tipped up.—*New Haven Register.*

It must have been slippery weather when the prodigal son returned, as it is recorded that the old man "fell on his neck."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A MEADVILLE divine has drawn a comparison between Judas Iscariot and sinners of modern times, doubtless with the intention of finally declaring Mr. Iscariot to have been a gentleman and a scholar.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE reduction of the price of the New York World to two cents during the campaign doubtless had something to do with the Democratic defeat in that State.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WATERSON says that Bayard can not walk into the White House over the dead body of Mr. Tilden. But he might have added that David Davis can perhaps step around it. Of course it would never do for him to step on any body, dead or alive.—*Bangor Commercial.*

THE man who can devour a dozen and a half raw oysters at one sitting, is the man for eighteen ate he. (What ho, without there! Seize him and hurl him from the loftiest battlements of the donjon keep into the foaming portcullis that flows past the postern gate.) It is done. The limpid ripples of the silently flowing turret close above the eddying sally port, and all is over.—*Hawkeye.*

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with Hop Bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

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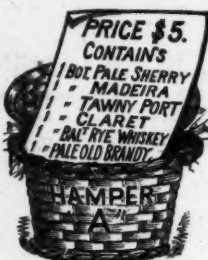
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That I felt ore fully.

Ah! how could I dis pewter right
To steel my heart away;
Her silver tongue gave such delight
That I was lead astray.

I summoned all my brass to plead
My love for her was gold.

"If you have any tin—agreed,"
She answered, oh! so cold.

I thought I'd zinc when she began;
For I had not a "copper;"
But ere her web bronze round a man
I hope old Nickel stop her.

—Detroit Free Press.

So Kentucky has a 175-pound pumpkin. Don't let Mr. Hayes know it. The State is not quite big enough to hold him and Grant at the same time.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A NEW cooking club is forming in Philadelphia, and we fully expect to observe a reduction in the number of suicides and wife murders in the ordinary course of time.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

AN enterprising genius who sends us, for gratuitous insertion, a two-column article laudatory of what he has to sell, is considerably pious enough to enclose a small illuminated card on which is printed the admonition "Swear not at all."—*Rome Sentinel*.

SCARLET flannel skirts are again in vogue, and it will require the careful scrutiny of the most experienced engineer to tell whether the red object he sees fluttering in the distance is a danger signal or a woman shoeing her geese off the track.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

THE worst thing about a mosquito is its long soliloquy as to where and when it is going to settle down and bite.—*New Haven Register*. Just so with a woman. When she looks at a new style of bonnet, the clerk never knows when she is going to settle down and buy it.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A SOCIETY to encourage the keeping of goats has been started in London. Americans ought to be able to give the blarsted Hinglishman a few points. All that is needed are a few hoop skirts, the refuse of half a dozen tinsmith's shops and sheet-iron workers. These given, with an occasional circus poster by the way of dessert, and the goats will be sure to come, and come to stay. No one ever saw a discarded hoop skirt or pile of old iron without also seeing the festive goat actively engaged in converting these comestibles into goat flesh, milk and immature kid gloves.—*Boston Transcript*.

GENERAL GRANT says he was shown a piece of land in China which had been under cultivation every year for 5000 years without deterioration of the soil. This result is effected by returning to the soil everything taken from it that is not consumed. Here then is the secret of the remarkable richness of Chinese soil. And here too is a lesson for our Maine farmers who complain that their lands have "run out." Instead of wasting their old umbrellas, broom-sticks, rubber overshoes and tomato cans let them carefully apply them to the soil. And all the roots and garbage, and the noble sculpins and dog fish, they also should be utilized. This may be the way to make a Maine farm productive for 5000 years without deterioration of the soil. Who knows?—*Bangor Commercial*.

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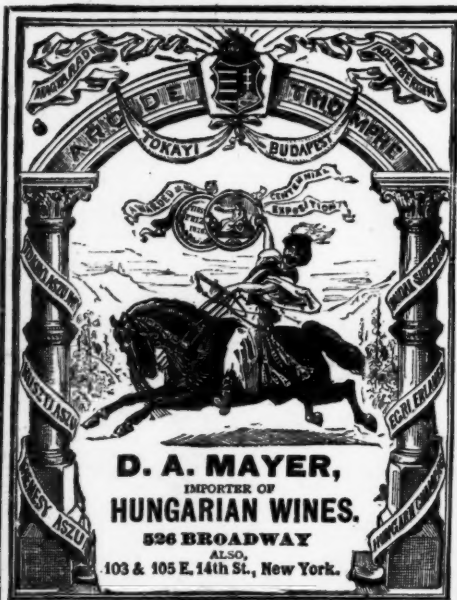
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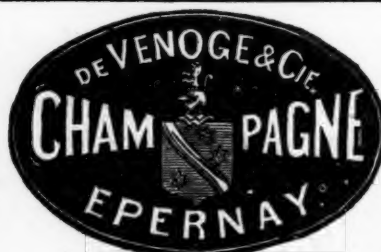
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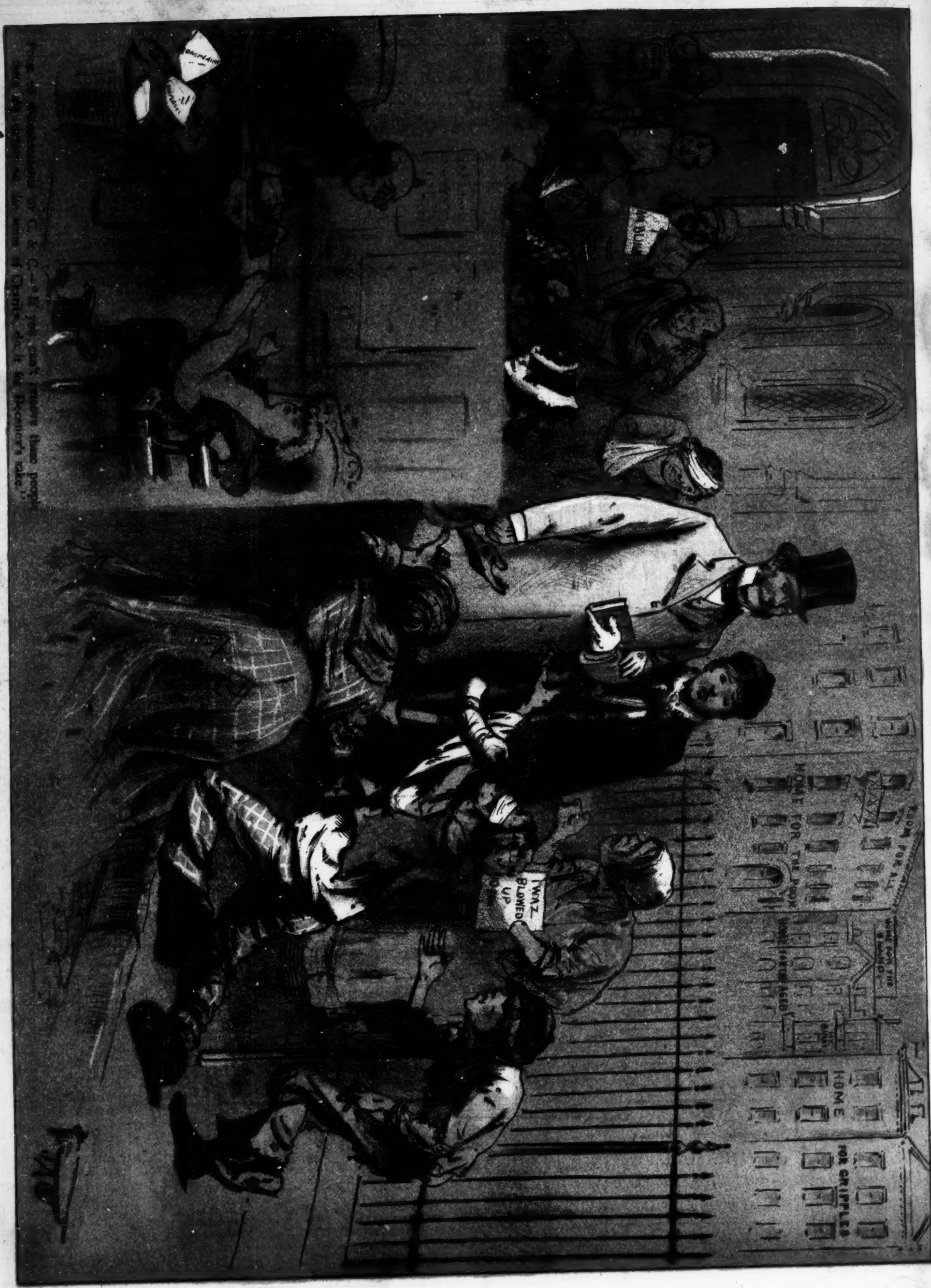
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